

A Light In Me

by Lady Oceanstar

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Summary: Vegeta and Bulma's new daughter learns how much life is important, but she has a sad ending....

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Vegeta looked around his home and sighed. It was saturday and his wife wasn't home. She was at the market and his son and daughter where at Son Goku's house. The only person home was his one year old baby daughter, Zoli. He didn't like the be home with her, and the worst part was that the house was silent because Zoli had a terrible disability. She couldn't talk..

Vegeta and his wife, Bulma, already seen it. She was a guienes, a very smart baby. She did everything correctly. She was so beautiful and lovely but it still bothered Vegeta. He never had a child with a disability. Would the child be so dumb when she was older, losing the smarts as a baby? He didn't know, and most of all, he didn't care.

But little did Vegeta know..that his daughter would come to his aspects and be much more...

much more...

4 years later....

Zoli walked down the street carrying a bundle of thin books and one large book, in which, was incredibly thick. She was silent, of course and looked at no one. Another day of being taunted and teased. Dammit, since she didn't have a voice her life was screwed up. It wasn't her fault her vocal cords where messed up. She wasn't happy with her life, but she lived through it. It was the only thing she could do.....

"They can say anything they want to say Try to bring me down But I will not allow Anyone to succeed Hanging clouds over me"

She was incredibly smart. No one, not even her mother, father, brother or sister could surpass the brain in her head. She was smart with plain smarts and common sense. She wasn't dumb or ignorant like any of the other girls at school, looking for boyfriends and messing with fashion. She was only a black haired, blue eyed girl who had a head full of dreams...in which she could not live...

Zoli swung the door open and walked inside the house, her eyes searched the room to find her mother vacuming the floor. She turned her head to the door and smiled, "Hello Zoli! Are you hungry? I made some pancakes for you and your sister if you are." She began her vacuming again. Out of everyone that Zoli knew, her mother was the best. She was so nice and sweet with a kind self confidence. Zoli loved her mother, she was the only one in her life that kept the light in her heart glowing. She had dreams and her mother always told her that she must follow those dreams because what would she have left? Nothing...and what did she have now? Nothing....

"And they can try hard to make me feel That I don't matter at all But I refuse to falter In what I believe Or lose faith in my dreams..."

Zoli sat at the table, reading the thick book, sitting in the kitchen. Bra, her older sister, which was 16, stepped into the kitchen, gave a look at Zoli and groaned, "Don't eat them all, Zoli!" Zoli, not once, did not glance up from her book. She stayed completely still and silent as she read through the book, stuffing another pancake into her mouth and chewing on it gently. Bra sighed, rolled her eyes and grabbed a pancake, then walked out of the room. Zoli growled and wrote something down on the peice of paper infront of her, "Leave Bra off my will.." She smirked softly, her father's smirk, and kept reading her book.

After she ate, she quately walked up to her room. The only sound heard on the stairs was the creaking and her soft footsteps and the opening and closing of the door to her room. She sat down on the bed and put her face into her pillow, then began to cry silently. She didn't know what to do. She would just have to wait for years to go by till she learned of her true needed..her true yearning...

"Cause there's a light in me That shines brightly They can try But they can't take that away from me..."

10 years later...

Zoli walked down the street with her school books tucked under her arms like she did so long ago. She was really tired and she felt sick. She didn't have a clue what was wrong with her. She finally seen her house in the distance and ran to it, but as soon as she ran through the door, she almost passed out. Vegeta was getting ready to leave when he caught her. He grumbled when she fell into his arms and he flung her back up, "Whats wrong with you?" Zoli shook her head and rubbed her fore-head, then tried to get up the stairs.

When she got up-stairs she didn't feel any better. She sat down on her bed and rubbed her stomach, in which, was growling loudly from hunger. She hadn't eaten since 2 days ago. Maybe since she was to

depressed to eat it was making her like this. She didn't care. She just wanted to crawl up into a corner and die. She hated her life, but she was so hungry. She couldn't go downstairs and ask for a sandwich. Her mother wasn't home and she didn't know where anything was. Her mother made her everything, she never even took a step into the kitchen in her entire life. Then she heard someone come up-stairs and knock on her door. It was her mother, "Zoli, I need to talk to you...." Zoli walked to the door and opened it to see her mother standing there with some sort of brochure in her hand. "Zoli, I've found something out. Maybe we can get you a voice after all. The doctors have a new technique and they are looking for people who can't speak. There is just one problem.." Bulma said, then looked down at the ground, "You only have a 50% chance to live." Zoli was stunned. She would not agree to this, but it seemed that there was no choice for her to be made. "I don't care if you don't want to do it Zoli. I want you to have a voice. Even if you die." Zoli's eyes went wide and she backed away. She had too many dreams to live out and only a 50% chance to live wouldn't be any help for her. She didn't want this, but she had no choice cause she couldn't speak up. Bulma had already left the room.

"They can do anything they want to you If you let them in But they won't ever win If you cling to your pride And just push them aside...."

It wasn't but two days until Zoli was in the hospital. They told her she needed surgery and nobody waited in the waiting room for her. She was here all alone. Zoli just closed her eyes and all her dreams were pulled away. She was so frightened. She'd rather have no voice than no life. She didn't want to take the risk for all she had lived for, and now finding out how much her life was important to herself. But, again, it was too late, two nurses came up and wheeled her into surgery. She lied on the bed, her face and eyes pale as she was finally put to sleep.

"See, I have learned there's an inner peace I own Something in my soul That they cannot possess So I won't be afraid And the darkness will fade...."

When she woke up, there was a bandage around her mouth and her neck. Her hair was gone! She touched a hand to her hairless head and began to softly cry. She touched her neck and groaned. Oh my! She made a noise. The doctor and Bulma walked into the room. Bulma looked so pale and the doctor looked worried. Zoli didn't have a clue what was going on. She was frightened, scared, worried all at the same time. The doctor stepped up to her and whispered, "I'm so sorry Zoli, there's nothing I can do...." Zoli knew what was wrong and she shook her head as the tears fell faster. The doctor slowly explained, "We've screwed you up. Yes, you can talk, you can even sing beautifully now that we have gotten your voice to work. But, we cut a vein in your throat and it is bleeding at this moment terribly. You've coughed up blood all morning. You only have 2 days to live, Zoli."

"Cause there's a light in me That shines brightly They can try But they can't take that away from me...."

Zoli shook her head, her eyes wide and jumped up, the cords where wrapped around her, the bandage around her neck. She shook her head again at the doctor and tore the bandage off. She was completely

healed, but she didn't look as pretty as she did. She had a long scar from her neck to her face. She fell to her knees and cried. She only had two days. She had so many dreams to fulfill. She couldn't do that in just two days.

Not two days..

So she had an idea. A really good idea. She had always wanted to tell the whole world what her life was like. She asked Bulma to see, since she was one of the richest women in Tokyo, if she could have a round-the world broadcast. Bulma said she'd do it for her and told her how sorry she was that she made Zoli have the operation, "If I could change the past, Zoli, I swear to god I would have never made you have that operation." Zoli smiled softly, that child like smile she hardly showed at her mother and whispered, "Its okay.....God will lead my way." Bulma smiled at her daughter and left the room to make the arrangements.

"No, they can't take this Precious love I'll always have inside me  
Certainly the Lord will guide me Where I need to go..."

Now, Zoli stands in front of a big crowd on a balcony in Tokyo. Everyone is silent as she steps up to the microphone, cameras all around her. She looks around and smiles gently and speaks into the microphone, "Hello. My name is Zoli Briefs. I am 15 years old with a terrible disease that inabled me to talk. Well now I stand tall infront of you with a voice, but...there is a price for this voice. I am to die tommorow. If I don't, God has decided to let me stay, but I doubt that. I haven't been the greatest kid mankind has ever seen. I haven't been the best child, best daughter, to my parents either. But, I have fought for a long time for my sanity. I've went through a rough life, being taunted and teased by every child that met me. And that's the way its always been, but if you seen the world through my eyes, things seem alot clearer. My life isn't the best damned thing in the world, but I tried hard and I know I did a good job. There was always a light in me nobody could try and take away cause it always was burning, guiding me and I'm proud of that light and I owe my gratitude to it. I owe my gratitude to all of you as well for coming out here today to listen to me. You must always believe in who you are and know that out there somebody does love you. You might not have found them yet, but they are there. There is a rainbow through every storm if you look hard enough. Thank you." She stepped down and seen her father in a place behind her that was sorta dark. He walked up to her, Zoli could notice the wetness in his eyes and then felt him wrap his arms around her. She smiled and hugged him back, "I love you, Daddy." She smiled and parted with him. Then again, looked out at the crowd of the now chearing and crying people outside.

"They can say anything they want to say Try to break me down But I won't face the ground I will rise steadily Sailing out of their reach..."

The next day, it was so quiet. There had been a storm that night and Zoli's window was opened. The sun shone bright outside and Zoli's room was quiet.

It had been 2 days.

Bulma and Vegeta walked into the room to see Zoli's back to them. Vegeta walked over to Zoli and turned her on her back to find a

puddle of blood from her lips on the pillow. She wasn't breathing anymore, but a letter was by her hip on the bed. As Bulma cried in the background and Bra entered the room to find her sister dead and began to cry, Vegeta picked up the letter and read its contents to his-self....

"Oh Lord, They do try hard to make me feel That I don't matter at all  
But I refuse to falter In what I believe Or lose faith in my dreams..."

Cause, there's a light in me That shines brightly They can try But they can't take that away from me... From me...."

The End

((Questions? Comments? E-mail me at [KaneanMataya@yahoo.com](mailto:KaneanMataya@yahoo.com)) )

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file.